

The Mirror

OF

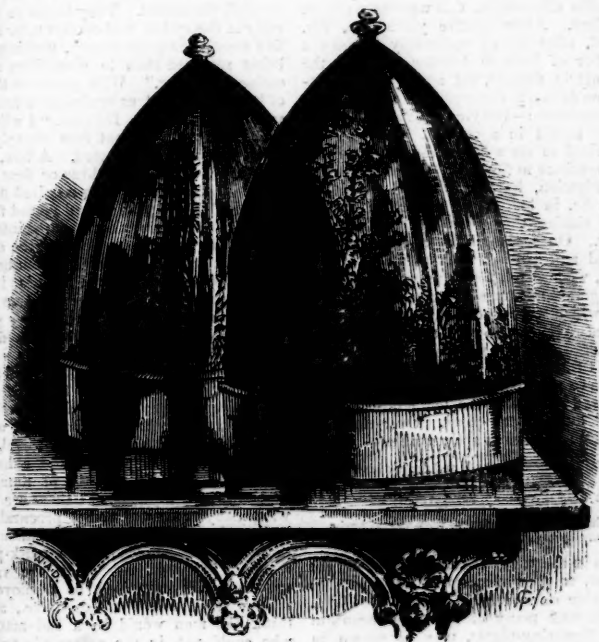
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1842.

[VOL. II. 1842.]



Original Communications.

ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS IN CITIES.

WHAT lover of nature is there who, pent up in some close city, has not tried, over and over again, to raise some flower to ornament his dwelling. Look at the poor mechanic's garret window, and in a broken jug or half-rotten box you will see some dead stumps

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of wall-flower, or some yellow mignonette,

"The fragrant weed, the Frenchman's darling," looking as sickly as poverty and over-exertion have made their owner. As you pass by the window of a friend, you are startled

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by a bright array of fresh-bought geraniums, (pelargoniums,) looking as beautiful as though Flora herself had taken his ready-furnished apartments. In a fortnight's time you pass again, but the bright green has gone into the "sere and yellow leaf."

Time after time is the experiment tried, and always with the like result; but not necessarily so: flowers may be grown in perfection in the dirtiest part of this smoke-defiled city. For a knowledge of this fact we are indebted to Mr. Ward, to whose work "On the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed cases" we can refer those who wish for further information on the matter than this article will contain. Like many other valuable discoveries, this was the result of accident. About twelve years ago, Mr. Ward, after trying repeatedly to grow a number of ferns in London, gave up the attempt in despair, but again had his attention drawn to the matter by the following circumstance:—Burying a chrysalis in some moist mould in a covered bottle, he was surprised to see a fern and a grass appear, and continue to flourish. On pursuing the investigation, he found that by planting ferns &c. in bottles, or under bell-shaped glass shades, they grew healthily and rapidly. On making larger cases, closely glazed and puttied, such plants as primroses, wood-sorrel, foxglove, cuckoo-flower, wild geraniums, musk plants, cacti, mosses, &c., which were placed in them, prospered exceedingly. Such success prompted further efforts, and a glasshouse, 24 ft. by 12, and 11 ft. high, was erected, in which was grown tropical palms, ferns, passion flowers, orchises, cacti, &c., the temperature being raised by hot water-pipes. Over the door of this little Eden is aptly written—

"Exiguus spatio, variis sed fertilis herbis;"

which may be freely rendered thus—

"Though scant for space, with varied herbs are spread."

It is in the power of all persons, even the poorest, to grow flowers in this manner: expensive cases are not required. Ferns, mosses, and many of our most beautiful small flowering-plants, may be grown in any common wide-mouthed bottle: a confectioner's show-glass may be taken, some light, sandy loam put in, moistened with water, but not to such an extent that any can be poured off; in this earth, any of the small plants mentioned may be raised: if the glass lid is used, the air must be excluded by a rim of soft leather, or the whole top may be tied tightly over with oiled silk, bladder, or thin sheet Indian-rubber. The moisture rising from the mould condenses on the sides of the glass, and trickles down again below, so that the water seldom, if ever, wants re-

plenishing; or the plants may be grown in pots or tubs, and covered over with a bell-jar, pressed down tightly into the earth. Of roses grown in this manner, Mr. Ward thus states:—"I procured two of the smallest varieties of fairy-rose, planted them in two tubs, in some good loam, with broken pots at the bottom, and then covered them with bell-glasses—the diameter of which was rather smaller than that of the tubs—and placed them outside a window, facing the south, where they have now remained three years. These plants are, as nearly as possible, in their natural condition, very seldom requiring watering, as the rain which falls runs over the glass, through the mould. They begin to flower early in the spring, and continue, for four or five months, in great beauty, nothing more being required than to give them an occasional pruning." With regard to the use of larger cases, let us again quote from the work of Mr. Ward. He says, "I will now endeavour to point out how cheaply and easily this may be effected. A box, lined with zinc, and having three or four openings in the bottom, will be required for the reception of the plants; and glazed frames can be procured anywhere, well painted and puttied, at about one shilling the square foot. The plants to furnish it can be procured abundantly in the woods in the neighbourhood of London. Of these I will mention a few. The common ivy grows most beautifully, and can be trained over any part of the case.

"The primroses* in early spring will abundantly repay the labour of fetching them, continuing for seven or eight weeks to flower as sweetly as in their native woods. So, likewise, does the wood-sorrel, the anemone, the honeysuckle, and a host of other plants, independently of numerous species of mosses and ferns: there are, likewise, many cultivated plants procurable at little or no cost, which grow without the slightest trouble, such as the musk-plant, myrtles, jasmines, &c. All the vacant spaces in the case may be employed in raising small salad, radishes, &c., and I think the man would be a bad manager who could not, in the course of a twelve-month, pay for his case out of the proceeds. These remarks apply chiefly to situations where there is little solar light; where there is more sun, a greater number of flowering

* There is, perhaps, no plant which offers so striking an illustration of the protection afforded by the glass as the common primrose. Place side by side, in a tub outside any smoky window, two roots of primroses, supplying them with water if needed; cover one with a glass, and the difference of flowering is so great that I cannot illustrate it better than by comparing it with the difference which takes place in the burning of charcoal in oxygen gas and in the open air.

plants will be found to thrive, such as roses, passion-flowers, geraniums, &c. The vegetation, in fact, can be diversified in an endless degree, not only in proportion to the heat and light, but likewise by varying the quantity of moisture: thus, with precisely the same aspect, ferns and bog-plants might be grown in one case, and aloes, cactuses, mesembry, anthemums, and other succulent plants, in another; we may add, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the latter plants require but a *very* small quantity of moisture. Our illustration represents a zinc-lined box, with a bell-shaped glass, containing chiefly ferns and mosses; we were kindly allowed to sketch it by the maker, Mr. Vince, of Tavistock-street.

For the reasons why plants grow in such extraordinary places as closely tied-down bottles, we must refer the reader to our next number.

(To be continued.)

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

(Continued from p. 4.)

A young girl standing in the diligence office at Paris seemed to attract general notice from the crowd who had been watching the arrival of the vehicle from which she had just alighted. She was dressed in the costume of the peasantry of Marseilles. A short petticoat displayed a pretty pair of legs, and two small feet, in black shoes with silver buckles; a clear muslin handkerchief, trimmed with lace, covered a neck embrowned by the noonday sun; while a little cap, surmounted by a large hat, of black felt adorned with a broad gold band, shaded a fine and marked countenance.

Somewhat confused by the murmurs of admiration from those around, she gladly availed herself of the proffered services of a porter to carry her luggage, and asked him to shew her the way to the house of Madame de Pons, in the Rue de Rivoli; and, as if to prove that she was not mistaken in the address, she drew from her pocket a letter, and shewed it to the porter.

"It is quite right, the very thing," said he; "follow me." And taking up the luggage, and accompanied by the pretty girl, he proceeded in the direction of the Rue St. Honoré.

"Am I, then," thought Suzette, "so soon to see this daughter of a peasant who has so long enjoyed my fortune, my name, and my own mother's caresses? How proud the girl must be! With what a protecting air she will receive me!—but with what pleasure I will humble her, in my turn, by giving her the Curé's letter! How will her

pride be mortified when she reads the dying confession of Dame Margeret!" Absorbed in these bitter reflections, Suzette followed her guide along the Rue St. Honoré; when suddenly the sight of a church arrested her attention, and the young girl exclaimed, "Oh, what a vile creature I am! What bad thoughts I have been cherishing! What! shall I, who am about to take all from her—shall I insult her? Will she not have grief enough? Cruel that I am!—may God forgive me! I must go pray," said she to the guide; "wait but a moment."

"And welcome, Miss," said the porter; "you need not fear for your luggage," added he, as he shewed her his badge.

The young girl ascended the steps of the church, and kneeling before the altar, with eyes fixed upon the letter which she still held in both hands,—"Oh, my God!" murmured she, "give me courage, strengthen me in this moment; teach me the words I am to say to my mother, that she may acknowledge me, that she may love me,—for how can a poor girl brought up in the country know how to speak to a great town lady? And oh, my God! soften my heart, and teach me to see without anger her who has so long usurped my place, and give me gentle words to say to her. It was not her fault that she robbed me of everything. Make me kind to her—oh, very kind to her—for I am going to make her very unhappy; I am about to take away from her one mother, and I have not another to give to her. Dame Margeret is dead!" This recollection made her tears flow afresh; and Suzette (for so we shall still call her) now wept unrestrainedly, subdued altogether by the many conflicting feelings that oppressed her. At length, somewhat relieved by the tears she had shed, she arose, and leaving the church, found the porter where she had left him, and both now turned on to the Rue de Rivoli.

When Suzette reached the house, and had her foot on the threshold of her mother's door—that door through which she was about to pass as a stranger, her heart sank within her; but mustering all her courage, she ascended the steps boldly, and, like most timid persons, who having once overcome their natural character keep within no bounds, she rang till she broke the bell.

The startled footman opened the door; and, at sight of a country girl and a porter loaded with parcels, he said, somewhat roughly, "What business have you to ring in such a way?"

"I want to see Madame de Pons," answered Suzette, affecting a confidence which was fast forsaking her.

"Who in the world is ringing in such a way? I am sure it must wake my lady," said, in a very sharp tone, a waiting-maid,

who now made her appearance; when suddenly perceiving the costume of Suzette, she added, more civilly, "From Marseilles! Perhaps you are the daughter of Dame Margeret?"

The appellation, daughter of Dame Margeret, appeared to awaken all the pride which poor Suzette had been struggling so hard to subdue, and she answered, "I am the foster sister of her whom you call Mademoiselle de Pons."

"Whom we call Mademoiselle de Pons! Droll enough, my little country girl. But wait here, child; I will go to Mademoiselle. How delighted she will be to see her little Suzette!—she is always talking of her."

"Don't go and tell her all at once, Gertrude," said the footman: "you know how nervous our young lady is."

"Does the man think I am a fool?" retorted the maid, rather angrily. "Don't I know as well as you the state of Mademoiselle Clotilda's nerves? Make your mind easy; I will let her know the good news without doing her any harm. Wait here, my good girl."

"How much she is beloved and respected!—and I a poor stranger!" bitterly thought Suzette.

After the lapse of five minutes, which appeared as many ages to the impatience of the young girl, the rustle of a silk gown was heard, and the eyes of Suzette were fixed, with a feeling that was almost terror, on the door through which Gertrude had disappeared. It was opened, and a tall and beautiful creature rushed forward, with open arms, exclaiming, "Suzette! Suzette! welcome, welcome, my sister!" and taking both her hands with the warmth of the most tender affection, she again said, "Welcome! most welcome! How is my nurse? But what is the matter? Have you no kiss for me?—surely you are not afraid of me?"

Suzette was confounded. She was not prepared for such a reception; and if her gentle and candid nature had ever harboured one feeling of hatred and resentment for her who had usurped her place, it gave way before these spontaneous manifestations of a tender friendship.

"Dame Margeret is dead!" answered Suzette; and scarcely had she uttered the words when she felt caressing arms around her neck, and the pressure of soft lips in an affectionate kiss. "Alas, alas!—but we will weep together," murmured Clotilda. "How thankful I am that God put it into your heart to come off to me at once. My poor nurse! And you remembered you would find here a mother and a sister too?—is it not so? How I love you for having had this thought! Yes, you are my sister, and everybody here must love, obey, and respect you. Do you hear me?" added she,

turning to the servants, who had been drawn into the passage by the new arrival, "This is a second Mademoiselle de Pons; we have shared the same milk; I deprived her of half her mother's caresses and cares: surely she has every right to the half of all that belongs to me—except, however," said she, interrupting herself, with somewhat of the air of a spoiled child, "the half of my mother's love; but I will give you some little portion of it, Suzette, so do not be uneasy."

"Oh, if I could but see her!" said the poor girl, imploringly, almost gasping for breath.

"Mamma? you cannot see her yet, she is asleep; but come with me," Suzette shrunk back, and Clotilda perceived the porter, who still retained the parcels. "Pay him, and send him away; my sister's luggage must be left here. Come, come!" said she to her; "the joy of seeing you is too much for me, it makes me ill; but I care not—it is all delight." And taking Suzette's hand, she led her through some splendidly-furnished rooms to a small apartment, where wealth had collected all that could be conceived most luxuriously useful and most uselessly luxurious. "Now you are in my castle," said Clotilda, forcing Suzette into a large arm-chair, and taking her seat on a stool at her feet. "This is my sitting-room, on the right is my bed-room, on the left my study, and at the end of that alcove is a door opening into Gertrude's room; but I will send her to sleep elsewhere, and I will give you her room, so that both night and day we shall be together. But perhaps you may sleep too lightly, and I may disturb you, I am so often so very ill at night; I have such bad health, the slightest excitement brings on fever. Feel my hand now, is it not burning? It is from the pleasure of seeing you. Had I to bear any violent emotion, it would kill me, I am persuaded; and therefore it is that everybody so kindly spares me the least vexation. Everyone tries to please me, no one contradicts me—so that I am quite spoiled. This delicacy comes from mamma. My father had a strong constitution—at least, so I have been told, for, alas! I never knew him; he died of a fall from his horse, when I was only two years old. But how well you are looking!" added Clotilda, as she playfully touched the cheeks and arms of Suzette. "What fine rosy cheeks you have got! and your arms so firm, so rounded! How happy you must be! It is so sad to be ill, and I am always ill.—But you do not answer me—what is the matter? You are cold—reserved. Do you not love me?"

"I do not yet know you," replied Suzette.

"And do I know more of you? When two children have been nourished by the

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same milk, and have slept in the same cradle—do they, when they meet, require ages in order to love each other? You are a naughty girl, Suzette, for saying that. Kiss me—now, do not contradict me, it makes me ill.”

Suzette was deeply affected by the sweet caresses and delicate health of Clotilda, who now again pressed her to her bosom, and then rising, and making Suzette also stand up, placed her before a mirror, crying, “You are exactly my size; my frocks will fit you. Your style of dress is pretty, but you will change it to please me: I should so much wish you to be dressed like me.” And at this moment, in obedience to a feminine instinct, both the young girls stole a glance of rapid survey of each other's person.

As Clotilda had remarked, all in Suzette breathed health. Her tall figure, which, though robust, lost thereby nothing of its symmetrical elegance; her high and polished forehead, her roseate cheeks, her large sparkling black eyes—her whole person, in short, in its healthful beauty, was a striking contrast to the languid and delicate yet lovely form of Clotilda. Of equal height with Suzette, her fragile figure seemed bending—but gracefully bending—under suffering, which clouded her fair face, and obscured the brightness of her beautiful eyes; while her long black hair gave to her cheek a pale and sickly hue. Her voice, which, when she began to speak, had somewhat of the excitement of fever, became by degrees almost inaudible, and her last words always died upon her lips.

This little survey of each other caused a momentary silence; and Suzette, almost feeling that she ought to steel herself against the emotion with which the sight of the suffering Clotilda and her touching kindness had inspired her, now reiterated her wish to see Madame de Pons.

“Impossible, just now, dear little girl,” answered Clotilda, as she leaned for support on the shoulders of Suzette. “We cannot go to mamma's room until noon. Oh how stupid it is not to be able to bear any event, sad or gay! My heart is beating—beating till I can hardly breathe. I am sure some day I shall die suddenly. But how I am chattering! I am listening only to myself—thinking only of myself. I am so selfish—and this poor child so silent and so patient, while I am making her get up and sit down, without once asking if she wants anything. Would you like to eat anything—to take off your bonnet—to lie down? I am stunning you!”—and she broke off with a laugh of charming *naïveté*.

“Oh, I only want to see Madame de Pons,” again said Suzette, wringing her hands almost despairingly.

“Well, I will go and try if we can see her. Perhaps you have some message for her from poor nursery. That letter, I suppose, is for mamma?” and Clotilda extended her hand for the letter, so important to Suzette; but perceiving the almost convulsive grasp with which she still retained it, she resumed,—“You wish to give it to her yourself; well, just as you like, I will not contradict you. But as in any case you cannot see mamma for an hour, I must order breakfast for you. Wait here for me, take off your hat, let down your hair, do here just as you do at home. I will come back the moment mamma wakes—but perhaps you will be lonely; here is a book to amuse you.”

Suzette, for the first time in her life, experienced a feeling of shame. She who had come to the house, so proud of her birth, so haughty, so determined to mortify her, now suddenly felt the inferiority resulting from the want of education, but too ingenuous to dissemble, she said, while her cheek crimsoned, and her eyes were cast down, “I do not know how to read.”

Clotilda suffered an exclamation of surprise to escape her; then in generous fear of having mortified Suzette, she took her in her arms; and, as she lavished upon her almost infantine caresses, said, “Forgive me—forgive me—I would not for worlds have made you blush. But why should you blush, sweet pet? it is only because you have never been taught to read—that's all. Never mind—but do not tell your ignorance to anybody, I beg of you, for there are people who would be stupid enough to laugh at you, and this would grieve me. I will teach you to read myself. Would you like it?—and to write too, and to draw and to sing, and everything that I know—do tell me, would you like it?” And at this last instance of love, affection, and disinterested goodness, Suzette felt the icy barriers give way;—she thought of the next hour—she gazed upon the fragile and delicate young creature whose death-warrant she was about to pronounce in the words—“Go, thou who hast hitherto lived in happiness, surrounded by the fond cares of love; go, thou who hast had up to this moment a mother, wealth, a noble name; go, thou whose tender arms are still twined around me, poor and obscure and mean as I seem to thee—go, I am about to strip thee of everything, to take from thee thy mother, thy fortune, thy name”—and once more gazed upon the pale face which gave but too good cause to fear that the prediction which Clotilda had uttered with a smile would be sadly verified—“The slightest painful emotion would kill me.” Suzette could resist no longer; but abandoning herself to the generous impulses of her own

noble nature, now excited to the utmost, she, in her turn, took Clotilda in her arms, covered her cheeks with kisses and with tears, and exclaimed—"Keep all, keep all! You are more worthy of all!"

"What am I to keep, dear girl?" said Clotilda, in some surprise. "Oh, perhaps you have brought me some *souvenir* from Marseilles."

"I believe I am mad," said Suzette, hiding her face in her hands.

"Mademoiselle," said Gertrude, gently opening the door, "my lady is waiting for you; she has heard of the arrival of Dame Margeret's daughter, and wishes to see her."

"Come," said Clotilda, taking her foster sister's hand.

"Heavenly Father, forsake me not!" murmured Suzette; and her trembling limbs almost refused their office, as she rose to follow.

"Stay here a moment," said Clotilda, as soon as they reached the door of her mother's room. "Mamma's first glance must be mine, as well as her first caress;" and she bounded into the room, while Suzette, involuntarily obeying her order, remained near the half-open door, following the movements of the young girl with a gaze into which her soul had passed. Clotilda approached the bed, drew back the curtains, and Suzette looked upon the face of her mother! At the same moment she heard a voice—the voice of her mother! Oh! if Suzette were not that instant at her feet, if she did not avow herself, if she did not cry—"Mother!—mother!—I am your child!" it was because the mighty emotions she experienced left her without voice or emotion.

"Well, dearest, what have you done with Suzette?" asked Madame de Pons.

Every pulse of Suzette's heart beat response to this name uttered by her mother—she sprang into the room. At the first glance, Madame de Pons started and cried—"Those eyes, those eyes! What a wonderful resemblance!"

"Who is she like?" said Clotilda, alternately glancing from her mother's agitated countenance to Suzette's large black eyes.

"She has your father's eyes, my child," said Madame de Pons, "your father's eyes. Oh, why should a stranger have those eyes, and not my Clotilda, my daughter, the child of our love! Come to me, Suzette; do not cast down your eyes; look up at me again—again—that look at once revives and kills me. Poor child!—But who weeps there?" asked she, in sudden terror.

Clotilda had thrown herself into a chair, and was weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" cried her mother, extending her hand.

"I am weeping that I have not my father's eyes," said Clotilda, with a look of deep sorrow. "You will love Suzette better than me, and look at her more often."

"Dearest child!" cried Madame de Pons, raising her daughter, and drawing her to her bosom,—"Dearest child! what a strange notion you have taken up! Do not weep, I implore of you—you will make yourself ill. Remember the physicians have warned you against giving way to emotion. Clotilda, remember your health is my health; your life is my life. Do not envy this young creature her eyes—see how calmly I can look upon them now."

Suzette, who had been throughout this scene like one in a dream, so entirely had the violence and variety of her emotions overwhelmed her, now awoke to consciousness; and her first impulse was to conceal the letter which she had in her hand. Madame de Pons perceiving this movement, asked, "Is it for me, from Dame Margeret?"

"Yes—no—no, Madame," stammered Suzette; and then, as if this effort had opened the fountain of her tears, she burst into convulsive sobs, exclaiming—"I have lost my mother!—I have lost my mother!"

Exclamation, how ill understood! for of all present, the poor child alone knew to what immolation of self it had pledged her—to what a painful self-sacrifice it had for ever condemned her.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Ainsworth's Magazine. No. VI.

THE first chapter of the second book of *The Miser's Daughter* opens this number. Randolph and his uncle Trussell having dined and finished the third bottle at a coffee-house, after they had been sight-seeing in the city, repaired to the Haymarket theatre. The audience, as they entered, were vociferously encoring a song, which had just been concluded, by a favourite actress, who proved, as she reappeared on the stage, to be their old acquaintance, Kitty Conway. She recognised Randolph, and sent him an invitation to supper, which he was advised to accept by Trussell. When they arrived at her lodgings, after the play, they found Sir Singleton Spinke *tête-à-tête* with the pretty actress; and they were soon followed by an unexpected visitor, Mr. Philip Frewin. He and Randolph, of course, soon fell out; and poor Philip, to save his shoulders from the vigorous application of a cane to which they were

subjected by Randolph, made a fair bolt of it. But, as fate would have it, as the ejected and the ejector reached the street, the former was recognised, seized, and exposed, by Jacob, who was marshalling the miser and his daughter home from Lady Brabazon's party. This encounter was also unfortunate for Randolph, who was seen a second time by Hilda in company with Kitty Conway. To relieve his mind from the melancholy which preyed upon him from this cause, he plunges into fashionable dissipation.

It is mentioned in the notices to correspondents, that circumstances have compelled the editor to give less of this story in the present number than usual, but that an additional quantity will appear next month. The two etchings, by George Cruikshank, "Randolph and Hilda Dancing at Ranelagh," and "The Masquerade in Ranelagh Gardens," are illustrations to the second chapter.

An Aristocratic Dinner-Party in New York is a characteristic and not greatly overdrawn picture, by Uncle Sam. *A Legend of the Wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines*: a humorous sketch, in irregular verse, by Charles Hervey. There is a deal of truth in the remarks of Laman Blanchard, under the title *That's Near Enough*: though none will own to the correctness of the doctrine in theory, and few to the extent of its sway over themselves, most of us are habitually, more or less, under its influence. *The Old Family Place*, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, in three parts, the first of which is given, entitled "The Heir of Elmwood. A frequent occurrence in the world, but not less a melancholy tale on that account: its pathos is aided by the use of the long measure of fourteen syllables. *The Jewish Marriage*: an interesting story, conveying that profound moral, the conquering endurance of woman's love; and written in that beautiful style, between the simplicity of Scripture and that of the story-book, "A present from Mamma." *The Rose of Jericho* is a happy translation from the German; the idea is new: we shall transfer it to our columns next week. The author of *A Paper on Puffing* seems to be well acquainted with the management of some of our publishing establishments; he has certainly not aggravated the matter. *A Bengal Yarn*, by Captain Medwin, is a memoir of a Major B—, who rescued a Hindu girl, of the name of Seta, from the funeral pile of her husband, and to whom he became so devotedly attached, that he ultimately bequeathed her all his property. She appeared, and he believed her to be, the most gentle and immaculate of human beings. She, however, took the opportunity of her lord's absence to decamp to her

native village, carrying with her all the jewels and the title-deeds of her wealth. The Major pursued, but he was killed in the forest by tigers. The article on *The Drama* is an intelligent paper on the present state and future prospects of the English drama. The number is concluded with two chapters of Mr. Ainsworth's long-expected romance of *Windsor Castle*. We quote the opening:—

"In the twentieth year of the reign of the right high and puissant king Henry the Eighth, namely, in 1529, on the twenty-first of April, and on one of the loveliest evenings that ever fell on the loveliest district in England, a fair youth, having somewhat the appearance of a page, was leaning over the terrace-wall on the north side of Windsor Castle, and gazing at the magnificent scene before him. On his right stretched the broad green expanse, forming the Home Park, studded with noble trees, chiefly consisting of ancient oaks, of which England had already learnt to be proud, thorns as old, or older than the oaks, wide-spreading beeches, tall elms, and hollies. The disposition of these trees was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Here, at the end of a sweeping vista, and in the midst of an open space, covered with the greenest sward, stood a mighty broad-armed oak, beneath whose ample boughs, though as yet almost destitute of foliage, while the sod beneath them could scarcely boast a head of fern, couched a herd of deer; there, lay a thicket of thorns skirting a sand-bank, burrowed by rabbits; on this hand, grew a dense and Druid-like grove, into whose intricacies the slanting sunbeams pierced; on that, extended a long glade, formed by a natural avenue of oaks, across which, at intervals, deer were passing. Nor were human figures wanting to give life and interest to the scene. Adown the glade came two keepers of the forest, having each a couple of buckhounds with them in leash, whose baying sounded cheerily amid the woods. Nearer the castle, and bending their way towards it, marched a party of falconers with their well-trained birds, whose skill they had been approving, upon their fists, their jesses ringing as they moved along; while nearer still, and almost at the foot of the terrace-wall, was a minstrel, playing on a rebec, to which a keeper, in a dress of Lincoln green, with a bow over his shoulder, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a comely damsel under his arm, was listening.

"On the left, a view altogether different in character, though scarcely less beautiful, was offered to the gaze. It was formed by the town of Windsor, then not a third of its present size, but incomparably more picturesque in appearance, consisting almost

entirely of a long straggling row of houses, chequered black and white, with tall gables and projecting stories skirting the west and south sides of the castle; by the silver windings of the river, traceable for miles, and reflecting the glowing hues of the sky; by the venerable college of Eton, embowered in a grove of trees; and by a vast tract of well-wooded and well-cultivated country beyond it, interspersed with villages, churches, old halls, monasteries, and abbeys.

"Taking out his tablets, the youth, after some reflection, traced a few lines upon them, and then, quitting the parapet, proceeded slowly, and with a musing air, towards the north-west angle of the terrace.

"He could not be more than fifteen, perhaps not so much; but he was tall and well-grown, with slight, though remarkably well-proportioned limbs; and it might have been safely predicted, that, when arrived at years of maturity, he would possess great personal vigour. His countenance was full of thought and intelligence; and he had a broad, lofty brow, shaded by a profusion of light brown ringlets, a long, straight, and finely-formed nose, a full, sensitive, and well-chiselled mouth, and a pointed chin. His eyes were large, dark, and somewhat melancholy in expression, and his complexion possessed that rich, clear, brown tint, constantly met with in Italy or Spain, though but seldom seen in a native of our own colder clime. His dress was rich, but sombre; consisting of a doublet of black satin, worked with threads of Venetian gold; hose of the same material, and similarly embroidered; a shirt curiously wrought with black silk, and fastened at the collar with black enamelled clasps; a cloak of black velvet, passmented with gold, and lined with crimson satin; a flat black velvet cap, set with pearls and goldsmith's work, and adorned with a short white plume; and black velvet buskins. His arms were rapier and dagger, both having gilt and graven handles, and sheaths of black velvet."

These chapters are illustrated by an etching, which has much the appearance of a painting, by the famous Tony Johannot, of the meeting of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn—and seven wood engravings, by W. A. Delamotte. We expect in the succeeding chapter a magnificent description of that monarch's entry into Windsor Castle, who is at present at Hampton Court, with the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, debating the matter of divorce from his queen, Catharine of Arragon, and proposes to hold the grand feast of the most noble order of the Garter, at Windsor, according to Captain Bouchier, the Earl of Surrey's deputy vice-chamberlain.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

NO. X.

THE GRACES ADORNING THE ALTAR OF HYMEN.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS justly admired and truly artistical picture represents the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Montgomery personating the Graces, and preparing to decorate Hymen with wreaths of flowers. The standing figure adjoining the altar is the youngest daughter, who was afterwards Marchioness Townsend. It abounds with beauties. The uplifted arms, the hands, the feet, the eyes, the face, have in them that grace and sentiment which is inseparable to beauty, and which predominate in the female portraits of Sir Joshua. The centre figure, which is not less striking nor less beautiful, whose turned-up hair displays the prominent and intellectual forehead, represents the eldest sister, who became the Honourable Mrs. Gardner and mother of the late Earl of Blessington. The kneeling figure on the left, equally beautiful and as full of charms, is the portrait of the second sister, who was married to a brother of the late Marquis of Waterford.

This picture, painted with all the skill, the autumnal hues, the yellow-brown and crimson tints, of Sir Joshua, besides immortalizing the rare beauty of the Miss Montgomerys, will be esteemed by a generation rapidly advancing in the fine arts, as a painting abounding in classic and modern poetry—a painting in which beauty and nature are wedded, and seem smiling on the canvas.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most illustrious painter of the English school, was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, on Thursday, July 6, 1723. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, M.A., was master of the Plympton school, where Joshua, who was more inclined to make drawings than partaking in public exercises, was educated. At the early age of eight years, he evinced evident proofs of genius, making himself master of the rules contained in the "Jesuits' Perspective," which he exemplified in a drawing of a gothic building partly raised on pillars. About the same period he obtained a copy of "Richardson's Treatise on Painting," and perused it with delight, cherished an enthusiastic feeling for Raphael, and resolved to become an artist and share in the fame of that eminent painter. About the year 1741, his father, seeing the advances that his son had made in the art, placed him under Mr. Thomas Hudson, who, though not the most distinguished painter of his day, was the master of those who afterwards attained eminence in their profession. The first advice that Joshua received from Mr. Hud-

son was to copy with care Guercino's drawings, which he did with so much skill, that many of them are said to be stored up in the cabinets of the curious as the originals of that great master.

After stopping two years with Hudson, whom he had outstripped, he formed the resolution of painting portraits on his own account. He carried his resolve into effect, went to Devonshire and painted several portraits, with beauties which evinced the rising talent of the young artist. Among others, was the picture of a boy reading by a reflected light, which painting, fifty years afterwards, was sold for thirty-five guineas.

About the year 1749, Mr. Reynolds went to Italy, in the company of Lord, then Commodore Keppel. In "this garden of the world, this magical seat of arts," he visited the schools of the great masters, and

studied, with the labour of love, the various beauties with which they are characterized.

After a residence of two years, he returned to England, became acquainted with the "lion" of his day, Johnson, who continued knit, as it were, in the bonds of friendship with him, till 1784, when death separated them.

The first thing that distinguished Sir Joshua after his return, was a portrait of Commodore Keppel, which was spoken of in terms of the highest encomium. Soon after this he painted some of the first beauties, in female form, of the age, which caused all to flock to see the graces and charms of his pencil. His picture of Miss Greville and her brother as Psyche and Cupid contributed much to the fame of the painter.

In 1764, Sir Joshua had the merit of be-



THE GRACES ADORNING THE ALTAR OF HYMEN.

ing the first promoter of the Literary Club, which had for its members the leading men of genius of that time. Thus his literary habits were strengthened by his constant association with professional authors—the result of which was, that three of his essays appeared in the *Idler*. The first, "on false criticism in painting;" the second, "on the grand style of painting;" and the third, "on the true idea of beauty."

Upon the foundation of the royal academy of painting, sculpture, and architecture, he was appointed president; and, to add to the dignity of the institution, as well as to mark the royal opinion of Mr. Reynolds's merits, his majesty conferred upon him the honour of knighthood; and Sir Joshua delivered his first discourse, at the opening of the academy, on the second of January, 1769, which was universally admired, and which

every student of every art would do well to peruse. "I would chiefly recommend," says he, "that an implicit obedience to the rules of art, as established by the practice of the great masters, should be exacted from the young students; that those models which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and infallible guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism. I am confident that this is the only efficacious method of making progress in the arts; and that he who sets out with doubting, will find life finished before he becomes master of the rudiments; for it may be laid down as a maxim, that he who begins by presuming on his own sense, has ended his studies as soon as he has commenced them. Every opportunity, therefore, should be taken to discountenance the

false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius. They are fetters only to men of no genius, as that armour which upon the strong becomes an ornament and a defence, and which upon the weak and misshapen turns into a load, and cripples the body that it was made to protect." Each succeeding year, on the distribution of the prizes, Sir Joshua delivered a discourse to the students teeming with merit, and full of intrinsic value to the lover of *belles lettres* and the fine arts.

During the summer of 1781, Sir Joshua made a tour through Holland and the Netherlands, where he examined the works of the celebrated Dutch and Flemish artists.

In the autumn of 1783, he expended about 1000*l.* on the purchase of the paintings which the Emperor Joseph took from the monasteries and religious houses in Flanders, and exposed to sale.

On the death of Allan Ramsay, which took place in 1784, Sir Joshua was made principal painter in ordinary to his majesty, which situation he held till his death.

Hitherto, Sir Joshua had enjoyed tolerable health, with the exception of a slight paralytic stroke, which he experienced in 1782.

In July, 1789, when Lady Beauchamp was sitting for her portrait, he was unable to proceed with the picture, complaining of not being able to see; and a few months afterwards, he lost the sight of his left eye. This calamity, added to that of deafness, brought on a disease of languor. He resigned the office of president, on the ground of bodily infirmities; which intelligence the academicians received with the regret which testified their respect to the talents and virtues of their worthy president.

From this period, Sir Joshua ceased painting. His last effort was the portrait of Charles James Fox, which shews that his fancy, his imagination, and his other powers, remained unabated to the end of his life. When this picture had received its last touch,—

"The hand of Reynolds fell, to rise no more!"

He died on the 23rd of February, 1792, at his house in Leicester-square, at the advanced age of sixty-nine.

Mr. Burke, in speaking of this talented artist, says, "Sir Joshua was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait, he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged—a variety, a fancy, and a

dignity, derived from the higher branches which even those who possessed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appears not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

Miscellaneous.

DR. ARNOLD, OF RUGBY.

DR. ARNOLD, the lately deceased Head Master of Rugby School, and Professor of Modern History in Oxford, cannot be allowed to pass to his grave with the brief announcement of his death which we hastily inserted last week.

Dr. Arnold, as we have stated, was formerly Fellow of Oriel College, to which he was elected from Christ College, Cambridge. He had, however, vacated his fellowship by marriage about six years before his appointment to Rugby. As an author and editor of high esteem he has been long before the public. His *Sermons*, his edition of *Thucydides*, his *Roman History*, and his *Lectures*, published only a few weeks before his death, are too well known to need being more than alluded to. There were many competitors for the Mastership of Rugby School, several of them men of high qualifications, and also supported by the interest of men of rank. The trustees, however, resolved, very much to their credit, to lay aside all other considerations, and appoint the man who should appear on the whole to be the best adapted to the situation: and Dr. Arnold fully justified their choice of him. The school, which had previously been at a low ebb, rose rapidly in public estimation. Several attempts were made, from time to time, by slanderers, to bring it into disrepute; but the result was a continually increasing repute. The success at the universities of the pupils of Rugby School was marked and striking; and it was the more honourable to Dr. Arnold, inasmuch as he was wholly exempt from the too common fault of bestowing an exclusive attention on boys of high promise, to the neglect of the great mass of the scholars. Every one received encouragement to improve to the utmost whatever powers he might be gifted with.

The love and veneration with which he was regarded by the pupils, and the more in proportion to the intrinsic worth of character in each, was such as might have been anticipated by those acquainted with his

own character. He was not only an admirable scholar and a skilful instructor, but had that enthusiastic love of literature, and of everything that tends to exalt and purify our nature, which, even when not united with such superiority of talents as Dr. Arnold's, will seldom fail to infect with the same ardour all minds that are at all susceptible of it. Yet his pupils were far more indebted to him than for learning or love of learning. It was his constant endeavour to implant in their minds the noblest principles, the most just sentiments, not by precept only, but by that without which precepts are generally unavailing — example. Those who have heard the admirable discourses he used to deliver in Rugby Chapel, clear, yet full of valuable matter, and simple, yet impressively eloquent, speaking at once both to the understanding and to the heart, — will have much to answer for if they are not the better all their lives for what they there heard. But his best sermon to them was his life. It was a continuous sermon on the text, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto man." For never did any man more habitually bring his religious principles into the daily practice of life; not by the continual introduction of religious phraseology, but by a single-hearted study to realize the Christian character.

Dr. Arnold kept wholly aloof from all the various parties into which churchmen have been in general so much divided; and yet no one who was not himself utterly destitute of a Christian spirit, could for a moment doubt (even though differing from him in some points of opinion) the existence of that spirit to an extraordinary degree in him. And as he was pious without cant or affectation, so his extensive learning was quite unaccompanied by pedantry, and his remarkable liberality in pecuniary matters, wholly unostentatious. Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of his mind was, indefatigable activity, pure from all desire of display. His public spirit, in itself remarkable, was the more so from its freedom from the alloys so commonly met with, of craving after personal aggrandizement or glory. If any man ever lived who courted reputation only for the sake of influence, and influence only for the sake of doing good to mankind, Dr. Arnold was such a man.

His character was also peculiarly instructive in another point of view, as shewing the perfect compatibility of the greatest warmth with the most extensive diffusion, of the benevolent affections. In the bosom of his family he might have been thought to have his heart engrossed by his domestic affections: among his friends again, unconnected with him by any nearer ties,

he was such as one might expect to find in those only who have no kindred; he was a patriot again, as zealous and disinterested as if he had neither private friend nor relation in the world; and again, his benevolence to all fellow Christians and fellow creatures, was as warm and active as if he had had no country, except the world at large.

Should any one think the description that has been given an exaggerated panegyric of misjudging partiality, let him inquire of those best qualified to judge from their knowledge of the man, and they will pronounce it to be a small portion only of what might have been said with perfect truth of Dr. Arnold. The decease of such a man in the prime of life is a national loss; it is a loss not only to the present, but to the rising generation. Let us hope that his example may, even more than during his lifetime, inspire emulation, after envy and party prejudice shall have been buried and forgotten. Those who can equal him in talents and attainments must always necessarily be few; but his Christian character is open to the imitation of multitudes:—

"Placido quiescas, nosque . . . ab infirmo desiderio ac muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est!"—*Athenæum*.

FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

As usual, I was up and under way in the morning by six o'clock, and at nine we reached the Falls of Schaffhausen. The view of them from the right bank as we approached was imposing, the more so by our coming suddenly upon them; and I am decidedly of opinion that they are seen to greater advantage from this than from any other point of view. When observed from the front, or facing the fall, they would require a greater height than they possess to give them importance, as they are only about seventy feet, whereas the width of the river is nearly three hundred; but when viewed from the side, this defect is not so observable. We paid a visit to the camera obscura, which is provided for the gratification of travellers, and is certainly worthy of being seen, giving as it does a perfect representation of the Falls, and on such a reduced scale as to produce a well-defined and pleasing picture. I am not sure that it would not be the best means of making a drawing from it by those who are fond of sketching, as it would unquestionably be the most accurate view that could be obtained. The lights and shades thus presented had a pretty effect, and when the sun shone bright, every ripple of the water

sparkled below the Fall, and seemed in motion. While gazing at this perfect little picture, day-light was suddenly admitted into the room, and we found ourselves looking upon a piece of white unblemished linen, or whatever else it might be, without a vestige of that which, but a moment before, had so riveted our attention.

No picture, however, can give a faithful representation of a cascade; it is defective in two points, noise and motion, and the want of these occasions every picture or print of Niagara to be a failure; but the camera obscura supplies both. The attention being closely occupied by the camera, we not only see the rolling and sparkling of the water, but unconsciously transfer the noise to the representation, and hear the roaring as if actually in the camera, which gives to it a most surprising effect.

The descent of this vast rush of water was once, and I believe but once, attempted, and met with a fatal result. In 1793, two young gentlemen, George Viscount Montague, and Sedley Burdett, Esq., second son of Francis Burdett, Esq., perished in the rash attempt of descending the falls of Schaffhausen, out of a mere bravado of doing what never had been attempted before. The magistrates, having heard of this resolution, and knowing that inevitable destruction must be the consequence of such an attempt, did all they could, by placing a guard to prevent it. These young gentlemen had provided a flat-bottomed boat; and as Lord Montague was stepping in, his servant seized his master by the collar, but he broke from him, and pushed off with his companion, and they were never seen or heard of more. The servant remained three weeks near the spot, bewailing the fate of his much-loved master. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, two young men, the first-mentioned of whom was on his way home to be united with the amiable and accomplished Miss Coutts.—*Barrow's Tyrol.*

Asparagus.—Take a quart wine bottle, such as French wine is sold in, invert it over the head of an asparagus just rising above the ground, and secure it by three sticks, so that it cannot be knocked over. If left in this state, the asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle, and being stimulated by the unusual heat and moisture it is there exposed to, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place, the bottle must be broken, and the asparagus removed, when it will be found to have formed a thick head of tender delicate shoots, all eatable, and as compact as a cauliflower.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE FEELINGS OF BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY EXEMPLIFIED.

LET us imagine that we see before us a stream gently gliding through fields, rich with all the luxuriance of summer, overshadowed at times by the foliage that hangs over it, from bank to bank, and then suddenly sparkling in the open sunshine, as if with a still brighter current than before. Let us trace it till it widens to a majestic river, of which the waters are the boundary of two flourishing empires, conveying abundance equally to each, while city succeeds city on its populous shores, almost with the same rapidity as grove formerly succeeded grove. Let us next behold it losing itself in the immensity of the ocean, which seems to be only an expansion of itself, when there is not an object to be seen but its own wide amplitude between the banks which it leaves and the sun that is setting, as if in another world, in the remote horizon;—in all this course, from the brook which we leap over, if it meet us in our way, to that boundless waste of waters, in which the power of man, that leaves some vestige of his existence in everything else, is not able to leave one lasting impression,—which, after his fleets have passed along in all their pride, is, the very moment after, as if they had never been, and which bears or dashes those navies that are contending for the mastery of kingdoms, only as it bears or dashes the foam upon its waves,—if we were to trace and contemplate this whole continued progress, we should have a series of emotions, which might, at each moment, be similar to the preceding emotion, but which would become, at last, so different from our earliest feelings, that we should scarcely think of them as feelings of one class. The emotions which rose when we regarded the narrow stream would be those which we class as emotions of beauty. The emotions which rose when we considered that infinity of waters in which it was ultimately lost, would be of the kind which we denominate sublimity; and the grandeur of the river, while it was still distinguishable from the ocean to which it was proceeding, might be viewed with feelings to which some other name or names might, on the same principle of distinction, be given. This progressive series we should see very distinctly, as progressive, if we had not invented the two general terms; but the invention of the terms certainly does not alter the nature of these feelings, which the terms are employed merely to signify.

The same progressive series of feelings which may thus be traced as we contemplate works of nature, is not less evident in the contemplation of works of human

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art, whether that art have been employed in material things, or be purely intellectual; from the cottage to the cathedral—from the simplest ballad air to the harmony of a choral anthem—from a pastoral to an epic poem, or a tragedy—from a landscape, or a sculptured Cupid, to a cartoon, or the Laocoon,—from a single experiment in chemistry to the elucidation of the whole system of chemical affinities, which regulate all the changes on the surface of our globe—all from a simple theorem to the Principia of Newton.

In the moral scene the progression is equally evident. By adding virtue to virtue, or circumstance to circumstance in the exercise of any virtue, we rise from what is merely beautiful to what is sublime. Let us suppose, for example, that in the famine of an army, a soldier divides his scanty allowance with one of his comrades, whose health is sinking under the privation. We feel in the contemplation of this action a pleasure, which is that of moral beauty. In proportion as we imagine the famine of longer duration, or the prospect of relief less probable, the action becomes more and more morally grand or heroic. Let us next imagine that the comrade to whose relief the soldier makes this generous sacrifice is one whose enmity he has formerly experienced on some interesting occasion—and the action is not heroic merely, it is sublime.—*Dr. Brown.*

AN ORIGINAL.

In the parish of Linkinhorne, Cornwall, lived a well-known and singular character, born about the commencement of the eighteenth century, whose name was Daniel Gum. He was bred up to the trade of a stone-cutter, and was early distinguished for his reserve and indulgence in meditative habits. It appears, that, through the bias which nature gives in early life to particular pursuits, this man, without instruction or means to obtain information, acquired a love of reading and study. He applied himself closely in his early years to mathematics, for his progress in which he became celebrated throughout the vicinity of his residence. The student, denominated idle by the world, is in reality far more laboriously and honourably employed than the mass of mankind. Gum, finding that his labour for subsistence engrossed the larger portion of his time, and philosophically reasoning that if he could curtail his necessities there was no need of working so large a portion of the day as he had been accustomed to do, determined, in the first instance, to save himself the outlay of house-rent—no inconsiderable portion of every man's expenses, let his station be what it may. Not

far from the Cheesewring, in searching for stone during his employment, he discovered a huge slab or block of granite, lying in a sloping direction, and sufficiently large, if he could excavate a habitation beneath it, to give him a retreat, where he might dispense with the onerous outlay of house-rent, and at the same time find that place for the studious seclusion in which, of all things, he most desired to spend his moments of leisure. Accordingly he went to work on this wild heath, and excavating the soil beneath the block, obtained a considerable space, the sides of which he built up to support the stone above, with walls carefully cemented in lime, making a hole through the earth at one end of the stone, and lining it with the same material, to serve him for a chimney. Let none smile in derision at the humble habitation of the studious stone-cutter, who was thus content to view from his mountainous abode scenery of such an extent, so grand and beautiful, as to be rarely paralleled even in this island of beautiful landscape. The tors and rugged eminences of Dartmoor and of Exmoor were seen to a wide extent in the eastern quarter; up as far as Hartland to the north; Plymouth, with its noble heights and sound, was plainly visible in the south; and on the west, the hills of St. Austell and Roche Rocks,—a circumference of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, including every object that could delight the eye or feast the imagination. Who shall say, while this humble man was contemplating such a sublime view from the dwelling despised by the world, what feelings of gratitude for the enjoyment he experienced at the sight might not have ascended to the great Creator of them! In fine weather, by day and night, he frequently ascended the roof of his lofty and independent dwelling, and gazed in silence of words, but not of thoughts, upon nature around, or upon the starry heavens, watching the motions of the brilliant orbs so all-eloquent to the sight. Upon the surface of his granite roof this extraordinary man carved diagrams with his chisel, illustrative of his Euclid,—even the most difficult problems,—and these remained to shew the invincible character of that undefinable impulse which leads men of superior minds to conquer all obstacles in the way of their intellectual advancement. Gum was never known to leave the craggy but grand eminence upon which he dwelt, even to attend his parish church, or any other place of congregational worship. Perhaps his adoration was humble, and silent, and deep,—pure from the heart, and elevated in the sentiment,—that communion of the spirit which passes all form and language. Gum died, where he had so long inhabited, in his native parish; and while the harlot Fame

trumpeted forth the praises of slaves and parasites, departed—

'The world unknowing, by the world unknown.'

England in the Nineteenth Century.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—MEETING OF BOOKSELLERS.

(From the Times, July 1, 1842.)

YESTERDAY a numerous meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern of the book-publishers, authors, and others interested in the trade, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the enormous and increasing evil of the foreign piracy of British literary works, and for adopting such measures as may seem expedient for putting a stop to the same."

Mr. JAMES (the author) rose to propose the first resolution, and in doing so entered into a history of the book-publishing trade, and of the system which had for some years been carried on of publishing all the popular works of England in foreign parts, and of supplying those works to the general reader, not merely abroad, but even in our own country, at a very far lower price than that at which the original publisher could print them. In the course of Mr. James's speech he said, that the English publisher had in the first instance to pay a large sum to his author, then to defray the necessary expenses attendant on getting the work out, such as composition, printing, cost of paper, and many other matters, all of which were accompanied with an outlay; and then there was the risk of success; that was the position of the British publisher. But it was not so with the foreign bookseller, for he, in the first place, only published such of our works as had proved highly successful and had become popular, and he consequently ran no risk of repaying himself. Well, in the next place, he had no author to pay, and yet he had no scruple in availing himself of the talents and successful labours of an English author, with the certainty, too—for such a publisher, as he had already said, never seized upon any work but such as had become popular in England—of commanding an extensive sale, not only in other countries but in England. At first, this system of piracy had been adopted for the avowed purpose of supplying the readers resident in each respective country, but gradually the cheapness with which the works were got up and brought out in America, in France, and in Germany, and could be afterwards obtained in this country, had had the effect of leading to a most extensive circulation of the foreign editions throughout England—a circulation which, as a matter of necessity, could not but have a most prejudicial effect upon the publishing

trade here. In America this system of piracy might be said to have arrived at its height; for there it had been carried to so great an extent that the whole of a romance or other popular work, even though originally it had been published here in three volumes, was given in one or two sheets of a newspaper, which newspaper was sent to the East Indies and all of our colonies; indeed, he might say it was sent to every part of the world, at the usual cost of such journals, so that the reader was enabled to obtain the whole of a work, which could not be brought out in this country under a guinea and a half, in addition to the risk which a publisher must necessarily run of its success, for the insignificant sum of 25 cents, which he believed was about equal to 13d. or 13½d. of our money. With respect to the number of English works which had been printed in France alone, he found by Messrs. Galigani's list, that there were no fewer than 380, whilst in other countries there had been as many as 100 more. These editions had had a very large sale, and if they were to take the average weight of paper, taking each addition at 2000 copies, the quantity of paper consumed had been no less than 960,000lbs.; for which weight of paper our paper-makers would have paid as much in the shape of duty as would amount to 6000l. Here, then, was an immense loss to the revenue of Great Britain. The question, therefore, was not confined to trade, but it had thus become an important matter with a view to the operation of this piratical system on the revenue of the country, and consequently demanded the speedy attention of the Government. It had happened that in 1838 an act entitled "The International Copyright Act" had passed the legislature, but that act had not been carried out. One of the objects, therefore, of the present meeting, was to obtain the operation of that enactment; and the instigators of the present meeting had considered, as he doubted not all those who had heard his imperfect exposition of the state of the question would also consider, that the present moment was peculiarly favourable for bringing to a successful issue any negotiations with foreign countries on the subject of "international copyright;" especially as they had received assurances from the chief booksellers of France and Germany of their willingness and desire to see the security of literary property established by treaty between Great Britain and their several countries, and also from having learned that a bill with the same object was now before the American Congress. The hon. gentleman, after other observations, which our limits preclude us from giving, concluded by moving a resolution to the effect, "that a right of property in literary

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productions ought to be recognised by all civilized nations."

ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE, NEAR GIBRALTAR.

BEING at the time on the Landport Guard, I heard sundry rumours that half the regiment had fallen down St. Michael's Cave, in trying to extricate the other half; that there was no end of killed and wounded, and Heaven knows what besides! I was, however, obliged to remain the whole night in suspense, and it was not until the following morning that I heard the particulars;—but I must first give a short description of this famed cavern, as Lieutenant Lacy and myself were exploring in it for several hours, a few days before the accident in question. It is a low opening placed about half way up the western face of the rock. On entering, you descend for some distance till you reach a spacious vaulted apartment, supported by magnificent stalactites, some of them still undergoing the process of formation,—that is to say, hanging partly from the roof, like the icicles in the excavations of the Simplon, and generally having a corresponding pillar rising from the ground formed by the dripping of the water; in time, these two meet, and constitute the noble columns which support this astonishing work of nature.

The whole of this outer apartment is well lighted from the aperture above, but going down the principal passage, and still descending, you soon get into utter darkness, and proceed thus for about seventy or eighty yards, the moisture under your feet increasing, together with the noise produced by the flitting of innumerable bats disturbed by the glare of the torches. We now reached another opening, having more the resemblance of a cathedral than anything else; the light of day being excluded here, the effect of the torches we carried was very magnificent, and which was increased by our igniting a large fire. Leaving numerous smaller passages to the right and left, (some of which likewise go very far into the rock,) we proceeded due east, along another gallery, dark as Erebus, and lined with stalactites; this soon brought us to the abrupt edge of a hole that might have been taken for the entrance to the infernal regions; and to which was only wanting a guardian Cerberus.

Our rope ladders, of which we had provided a couple, now came into play. We fastened the end to the stump of a stalactite; I stuck a candle in the folds of the handkerchief with which I had bound up my head, and plunged on my subterranean expedition. Following the guide who had accompanied us, we soon got footing on a

ledge of rock, but found it necessary to fasten both ladders together to enable us to reach the landing-place below, about seventy or eighty feet from the spot we had fastened the ropes to. Here we all stood in safety in the very bowels of the earth—Lieutenant Lacy, myself, our guide, and a couple of my "Light Bobs," whom I had brought with us for assistance. Escacena, (the Spanish artist,) another of the party, preferred remaining aloft.

We now found ourselves in a second cathedral, when at first gradually descending, and at last very rapidly so, we were again brought up by an abyss, similar to the first, the bottom of which all the light of our two torches could not disclose, and as we had no more rope we were fain to return; but it is said that these passages run to an immense depth, until, owing to the confined air, the torches will no longer burn, when of course it is impossible to advance any further. Having now given an outline of what the cave is, I shall proceed with my story.

On the 17th, a party of our non-commissioned officers went to explore the cavern, and in descending towards an opening in one of the branch galleries, Quarter-master-sergeant Reid slipped, and rolled down a chasm, apparently to a great depth, as his groans could scarcely be heard from above. The alarm was instantly given; Lieutenant Lacy got ropes, and, accompanied by a number of men, went up the hill. In the meantime, the armourer-sergeant (Homer) hearing what had happened, hastened to the spot, and volunteered to let himself down;—he was a very heavy man, lost his hold, and was heard falling from one ledge of rock to another. Two men of the light company then offered to descend, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in fastening the sergeants to ropes, when they were drawn up in a state of insensibility: Reid with his leg broken in two places; Homer so much injured that he died during the night. I had known him from a boy, he having gone out with me to India; sincerely did I regret the poor fellow's death, and attended his funeral on the second morning after the accident. He has left a young widow and two or three children, for whom, however, we have got up a handsome subscription, which was headed by the General. On his passage home from India he was the means of saving the ship in a gale off the Cape; she unshipped her rudder, whilst the sea was running so high that not a sailor would venture over the stern, when he volunteered, and the vessel was carried safely into Table Bay. Reid cannot survive, and the idea of being the unwilling cause of Homer's death, appears to lie heavily on the poor fellow's mind.—*Excursions Along the Shores of the Mediterranean.*

The Gatherer.

How to Elope.—We have heard of a Yankee, who one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor, "but I'll tell you what you may do; let her mount the horse and hold a bridle whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe—for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

To Preserve Cut Flowers.—It is now, alas! a long eighteen years ago since we first saw, in the drawing-room of a gentleman now no more, in the hot dry weather of the dog-days, flowers preserved in all their freshness, by the following simple contrivance:—A flat dish of porcelain had water poured into it. In the water a vase of flowers was set; over the whole a bell glass was placed with its rim in the water. The air that surrounded the flowers, being confined beneath the bell-glass, was constantly moist with water that rose into it in the form of vapour. As fast as the water was condensed, it ran down the sides of the glass back into the dish; and if means had been taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent its evaporating into the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers would have remained continually damp. What is the explanation of this? Do the flowers feed on the viewless vapour that surrounds them? Perhaps they do; but the great cause of their preserving their freshness is to be sought in another fact. When flowers are brought into a sitting room, they fade because of the dryness of the air. The air of a sitting room is usually something drier than that of the garden, and always much more so than that of a good green-house or stove. Flowers when gathered are cut off from the supply of moisture collected for them by their roots, and their mutilated stems are far from having so great a power of sucking up fluids as the roots have. If, then, with diminished powers of feeding, they are exposed to augmented perspiration, as is the case in a dry sitting room, it is evident that the balance of gain on the one hand by the roots, and of loss on the other hand by their whole surface, cannot be maintained. The result can only be their destruction. Now to place them in a damp atmosphere is to restore this balance; because, if their power of sucking by their wounded ends is diminished, so is their power of perspiring; for a damp atmosphere will rob them of no water. Hence they maintain their freshness. The experiment can be tried by inserting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Roguary of our Ancestors.—An Irishman, telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed, he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound those ancients, (said the Irishman), they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

A Witty Fool.—Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, is known to have frequently boasted that he wished to rival Hannibal, as the greatest general of all ages. After his defeat at Gremson, his fool accompanied him in his hurried flight, and exclaimed, "Ah, your Grace, they have for once Hanniballed us!"

Absence of Mind.—Miss Angelina Spiffenberg, an old lady who keeps the Fox Indian Tomahawk, a sporting temperance hotel, at Big-bone-lic, near Brandywine Springs, State of Virginia, besides having a cork leg, has one of the most powerful squinting or screw eyes in this or any other country. With this screw eye she can take off her cork leg with a single glance, and screw the cork out of any bottle to which she takes a fancy. One day, being seized with absence of mind, she mistook a Monongahela whisky bottle for a stomachic cordial, and unscrewed the cork with her eye as usual; but instead of putting the right cork back again, she jammed the toe of her cork leg quite tight into the bottle, and did not discover her mistake until the spirit had made her leg so intoxicated that she could not stand.—*Ainsworth's Mag.*

How to preserve a weak Swarm of Bees.—Take an equal quantity of honey and brown sugar, mix them well together, put the mixture upon a plate, cover it with a large piece of silver paper, take it with a sheet to the hive, set it on the sheet upon the ground and place the hive over it, tie it up tight and carry it into a warm room, set it on the hearth, close to the fire, and leave it there all night. The bees will soon come down, pierce the paper, and take as much honey as will support them all the winter. Next day, place them in the coldest part of the garden under a north wall; they will sleep till spring, when they should be moved to a south aspect; in this way, a weak swarm is better than a strong one, and will cast earlier in summer.—*My Last Tour and First Work.*

* * We beg to state that *The Legend of Grimould and Emmanse*, quoted last week, is from "*My Last Tour and First Work*," by Lady Vavasour.

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